

Ex-President Hayes is still an officeholder. He is Highway Commissioner of Fremont.

M. McConner is a man diminutive in stature, with beaming black eyes and a white curling beard which reaches to his waist.

Lieutenant-Governor Tabor, of Colorado, it is announced, will next winter found in Denver a public library, of which the building is to cost \$200,000, and which will open with 100,000 volumes.

Mrs. Booth, the widow of the great tragedian, lives in a cottage at Long Branch, with her son Joseph Booth. Notwithstanding her four score years she is extremely bright and chatty, conversing freely on past and present topics.

Mrs. Maria Jefferson Eppetone, granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, visited the White House on the 27th and was shown over the rooms. She had with her the silver medal voted to Jefferson by the continental congress for his service to liberty in drafting the Declaration of Independence.

Governor Foster says that General Garfield never had time enough to do his work. He never had an idle hour. The Governor visited the President on the evening before he was shot, and found him more like the old Garfield than he had been since his nomination—as cheerful and buoyant as a school-boy.

The Buffalo Express has found the musical prodigy of the century in the person of a boy nine years of age named George Fox, born in the backwoods of Canada, who without musical training plays upon his violin such works as have been made familiar to us by Wilhelm, Remenyi and Wieniawski, and this, too, without having heard them played.

P. T. Barnum's religion is of the practical kind. He recently attended a meeting at Bridgeport, Conn., called for the purpose of offering prayer for the recovery of the late President Garfield. After supplication had been offered, he proposed that something should be done for the relief of the sufferers by fire in Michigan, drew up a subscription, and headed it with \$100.

Constantine Arthos, the oldest inhabitant of Crete, has died, aged 118 years. He married a rich miller's daughter one hundred years ago. He has fought against six of the ten Turkish sultans who have ruled the island, has buried five wives, and survived nearly all near relatives, including eleven of his children. Last year he faithfully served as mayor of his village.

Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt has, it is reported, offered \$150,000 for 200 acres at Greenwich, Conn. This piece of land commands a magnificent view of the Sound, and is known as "Field Point." The New Haven Journal says: "A peculiarity of the town is, that the land is held at high figures. A few families own a great many acres, and there is a sort of family pride in keeping them and handing them down to their descendants. Most of this property is taxed at farm rates."

The Sultan is described as growing morbid in his fears for his personal safety. He drove out twice the other day to a mosque, and on each occasion the route was changed at the last moment. He seems disposed to become a hermit. He no longer invites foreign diplomats to the palace, and audiences are obtained with great difficulty. The Spanish Ambassador had to wait forty days for an interview, and General Wallace more than a month.

Dr. Quinn, of California, is one of the few men who are "some pumpkins" on land as well as on sea. He keeps twenty ships busy transporting his wheat to England. He owns 25,000 acres of rich grain land, 45,500 of which were in wheat this season. One continuous furrow is seventeen miles in length. Another fairly well-to-do farmer is John B. Raymond, of Dakota, who has harvested this year \$50,000 worth of wheat from a farm which a year ago cost him only \$30,000. Western folk say that Dakota promises to exceed all other States in the quantity of its wheat.

An English gentleman has had constructed for his personal enjoyment a novel vehicle, twelve feet by six in size, and divided into two compartments, which he calls a "land yacht." The owner's sleeping-room is fitted exactly like a yachtman's cabin, leaving the fore part as a saloon, in which accommodation is also provided for a servant. This "land yacht" is so devised that it can travel either by road or rail, and the owner will make his first "cruise" along the Italian coast.

Colonel Dan Murphy, of California, is the largest individual land holder in the world. He has 4,000,000 acres in one body in Mexico, 60,000 in Nevada, and 23,000 acres in California. His Mexican land he bought two years ago for \$200,000 or five cents an acre. It is 60 miles long and covers a beautiful country of hill and valley, pine timber and meadow land. It comes within 12 miles of the city of Durango, which is to be a station on the Mexican Central. Mr. Murphy raises wheat on his California land, and cattle on that in Nevada. He got 55,000 sacks last year, and ships 6,000 head of cattle a year right along.

Lord Lorne has won distinction as a "crack shot," and is travelling in the Northwest with a formidable collection of guns. The camp equipment is of the simplest, and the Governor-General, it is said, "roughs it" with his guide, and spends little time on his toilet of dannel shirt and trousers and hobnailed shoes. At Rapid City a British Colonel in perfect afternoon attire appeared to read an address of welcome to Lord Lorne. The Governor-General, in gaiters and flannel shirt, faced him gallantly, alone on a raised platform, in full view of his admiring friends, and came out of the unequal contest far better than they had dared to hope.

The Presidential bulletins made one think of the sailors whose shipmate was knifed in a row on shore. They went to the hospital next day to see how their wounded messmate was getting along. Ben Bobstay went in to ask about him, received a true statement of his case from the surgeon, and came out with a solemn face. "Good Lord, mates," he said, "Jack's a dead man." The Latin part of his bowels is allent to thunder.

THE OWOSSO TIMES.

VOL. III.

OWOSSO, MICH., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1881.

NO. 21.

GARFIELD.

Lay him to sleep, whom we have learned to love;
Lay him to sleep, whom we have learned to love;
No flower of hope shall spring from out his dust.
No flower of hope shall bloom his sod above.
Although the sod by sorrowful hands be dressed,
Although the dust with tenderest tears be dressed,
A feeble light succeeds the new light quenched,
And weaker hands the strong hands crossed in rest.

Our new, our untired leader—when he rose,
Through still old hatreds fed upon old grudge,
Death or disgrace had stilled the cry of grief,
Of old who rallied us against our foes.

A soldier of the camp, we knew him thus:
No saintly champion, high above his kind,
To follow with devotion mad and blind—
He fought and fared, essayed and erred with us.

And so, half-hearted, went we where he led;
And, following whither he beckoned his bright blade,
Learned his high will and purpose undisputed;
And brought him all our faith—and found him dead.

Is of the sacred pall, that once of yore
Draped Lincoln dead, one mouldering fragment left?
Spoke above him—Knight whose helm was cleft
Fair in the fight, as his who fell before.

As his who fell before, his seat we dress
With purple shreds of black, that flow and fall
Upon the bosom of the breeze, whose wail
Prays as respect that hallowed emptiness.

As! who less worthy now may take that chair,
If our first martyr's spirit on one hand
And this new ghost upon the other stand,
Saying: Betray thy country if thou dare!

—Fuek.

THE GAMBLER'S LAST DEAL.

Beyond the balsam thicket the gambler made his stand. Carson, the detective, was in full pursuit, and as he burst through the balsams he found himself within twenty feet of his antagonist. Both men stood for an instant, each looking full at the other. Both were experts. Each one knew the other.

"You count," said the gambler, coolly.

"One, two," said the detective, "three. Fire!"

One pistol sounded. The gambler's had failed to explode!

"You've won; you needn't deal again," said the gambler, and he dropped. The red stain on his shirt front showed where he was hit.

"There's some lint and bandage," said the detective, and he hung a small package into the gambler's lap. "I hope you won't die, Dick Raymond."

"Oh, it was all fair, Carson," said the other carelessly. "I've held a poor hand from the start."

The detective rushed on. Twenty rods further he caught up with the trapper, who was calmly recharging his piece. On the edge of the ledge above, the half-breed lay dead, the lips drawn back from his teeth, and his ugly countenance distorted with hate and rage. A ride, the muzzle of which was smoking, lay at his side; and the edge of the trapper's ear was bleeding.

"I've shot Dick Raymond by the balsam thicket," said the detective. "I'm afraid he's hard hit."

"I'll go and see the boy," answered the trapper. "You'll find Harry furdur up. There's only two runnin'. You and he can bring 'em in."

The old trapper saw, as he descended the hill, the body reclining on the moss at the edge of the balsam thicket.

"You've won the game, old man," the trapper for a moment made no reply. He looked steadfastly into the young man's countenance; fixed his eyes on the red stain on the left breast.

"Is it my last deal, old man?" asked the gambler, carelessly.

"I be sorry for ye, boy," replied the old man, "for life be sweet to the young, and I wish that yer years might be many upon the earth."

"I fancy there's a good many who will be glad to hear 'I'm out of it,'" was the response. "I don't doubt ye have yer faults, boy," answered the trapper, "and I dare say ye have lived loosely, and did many deeds that were better undid, but the best use of life be to learn how to live, and I feel sartin ye'd have got better as ye got older, and made the last half of yer life wipe out the first, so that the figure for and agin ye would have balanced in the judgment."

"You aren't fool enough to believe what the hypocritical church members' talk, are you, John Norton? You don't believe there's a judgment day, do you?"

"I don't know much about church members," answered the trapper, "for I've never been in the settlements; leastwise I've never studied the habits of the creturs, and I dare say they differ, bein' good and bad and I've seed some that was sartinly vagabonds. No, I don't know much about church members, but I sartinly believe; yis, I know there be a day when the Lord shall judge the living and the dead; and the honest trapper shall stand one side and the vagabond who pilfers his skins and steals his traps shall stand on the other. This is what the book says, and it sartinly seems reasonable; for the deeds did on earth be of two sorts, and the folks what do 'em be of two kinds, and between the two, the Lord, if he knows anything, must make a dividin' line."

"And when do you thing this judgment be a day when the Lord shall judge the living and the dead, as if he would rise. Had he been able he would have died with his arms around the old man's neck. As it was, his

strength was unequal to the impulse. He lifted his eyes to the old man's face lovingly; moved his body as if he would get a little nearer, and as a child might speak a loving thought aloud, said:

"I am glad I met you, John Norton, and with the saying of the sweet words, he died.—W. H. H. Murray.

Scientific Notes.

Line is a preserver of wood. It has been noticed that vessels carrying it last longer than any others.

A submerged steel tube forty feet below the surface is the latest suggestion for the crossing of the English Channel.

Pliny tells us that Diodorus invented the saw. The earliest saw mill of which we have mention was built at Maderia in 1420.

In view of the opinions lately expressed by eminent oculists, that the reading of German text is injurious to the eyes, the Bernese Government have resolved as much as possible to discourage its use, and all their official announcements and reports will henceforth be printed exclusively in Roman characters.

Steel steamships, unknown a few ago, are now quite common. English shipbuilders, finding the iron they have hitherto been using in the construction of steamships too brittle and of inadequate tensile strength, are very generally resorting to steel as a substitute. This steel, however, is really nothing but homogeneous iron and of a tensile strength about the same as our ordinary shipbuilding iron.

A new light-house, in which the electric light is to be used, has just been completed at Marseilles. The cost of light will be about 2s. 3d. per hour, against 3s. 1d. the cost of the ordinary light; but, taking into account the intensity of the flame, the cost of the electric light is seven times less than the cost of that which it will replace. The new light-house will be one of the finest on the French coasts.

The French Commissioners on the Hygiene of Infancy in awarding the prize in a competition of essays, reported that the conclusions generally arrived at lead to the following recommendations: No child should be reared on artificial food when the mother can suckle it, but such food is preferable to placing the child with a wet nurse, poorly remunerated and living at her own home. For successfully bringing up an infant by hand, the best milk is that of a cow that has recently calved, or similarly of a goat, to which should be added during the first week a half part of water, and subsequently a fourth less, according to the digestive powers of the child. Glass or earthenware alone should be used; no vulcanized India-rubber mouthpieces or vessels containing lead should be employed.

If you will take one pound of sugar of lead and dissolve it in one gallon of soft water, then take one pound of alum and dissolve that in another gallon of soft water, keeping the two solutions separate. Then dip your jacket in the sugar of lead water, soaking it thoroughly; then hang the jacket up to drain, and when nearly dry, dip it in the alum water, and dry it in the open air or before a fire. It will not change the color or injure the fabric.

We believe this is what the Liverpool man did with his wet jacket, at any rate the process we have described is as good. Overcoats and pantaloons may be thus treated with marked good effects, and while these simple chemicals serve as a waterproofing, they do not seem to "full up" or harden the fabrics.

The treatment of small boats with salt and light awnings tends to make them mildewproof as well as waterproof. The cost is very trifling.

SPONTANEOUS FORESTS.—A writer in a West Virginia paper combats the opinion, held by many agriculturists, that an open country is never converted into a forest through the operation of natural causes, and as establishing the fact that such change does sometimes occur, brings forward the case of the Shenandoah Valley. When first settled, about 160 years ago, it was an open prairie-like region covered with tall grass, on which fed herds of deer, buffalo, elk, etc., and having no timber, except on the sides of the mountains, the annual fires were prevented, and trees sprang up almost as thickly and regularly as if seed had been planted. These forests, having been preserved by the farmers, cover now a large part of the surface with hard wood trees of superior excellence. These facts would also seem to substantiate the theory that the treeless character of the prairies of the West is due to the annual burning of the grass by the Indians.

DESTRUCTION OF FISH BY TORPEDOES.—The alarming destruction of the fish in many of the Indiana streams by means of dynamite torpedoes, has led to the organization of a State Fish Protection Society, of which Alexander C. Jameson is president. Comely and local societies are to be formed throughout the State to assist in enforcing the new fish law. Unless steps are speedily taken to prosecute the vandals who are using these torpedoes so destructively to some of our streams, the fish will to a great extent disappear. The manner in which the dynamite fisherman operates is to sink the torpedoes in the holes or deep water in the streams, and set them off with a fuse. The concussion is so great as to kill or stun all the fish within a radius of fifty feet or more, when they rise to the surface of the water. The larger ones are then scooped up in nets, and the smaller remain to rot and taint the air.

THE FARM.

A Comparison.

A farmer not more than ten miles from our grounds, turns up his nose at "fruit growing," and says "it's small business," and "hard on horses and wagons." Let me see about this "small business." We have about the same amount of land which this farmer possesses. He employs on an average through the entire year one unmarried man and one girl, thus giving means for support two persons, besides his own family. We employ on an average twelve men, heads of families, and as many more single men and women, for most months, in fact, the average number that we give employment to, including pickers, from April 1st to December 1st, is thirty-five to forty persons, thus giving means for support to at least seventy-five to one hundred persons, besides our own family.

He pays to help, say \$400 per year. We pay at least \$5000 per year. He sells from his farm, say, \$500 to \$1,800 yearly, gross. We \$15,000 to \$18,000 (which includes our plant trade). He plows, harrows, sows, reaps, draws into the barn, threshes, cleans and draws to market the product of an acre, say an average of fifteen bushels of wheat, for which he obtains gross, say \$20.00. We plow, harvest, plant, cultivate, hoe, gather and market from an acre an average of fifty bushels of fruit, for which we obtain gross say \$150, saying nothing of the plants sold from same. He and his help work from 6 o'clock in the morning till dark, our help work 7:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. He tugs, lifts and sweats. We don't. "Small business," isn't it reader?—From the Fruit Record.

Prevention and Treatment of Milk Fever.

One of the best methods of preventing milk fever, is to feed the cow, several weeks to several months before calving, according to its danger—if in winter, on ordinary dry hay only, with a quart or so of wheat bran, night and morning, to keep the bowels open; if in summer, let her run on a poor pasture, and at all times have a large lump of Liverpool rock salt, to lick at pleasure. If the cow has been dried off a couple of months before due to calve, watch the approach of parturition, and if the bag shows extra full, then begin to draw a small quantity of milk from it two weeks or less before her time, and increase this, according to the fullness of the bag, till the calf is dropped; then milk her clean after the calf has sucked, at three equal intervals of every twenty-four hours. In the meanwhile, do not increase her feed for a month or more till all danger of fever is passed. If the cow has continued to give milk up to within a few days of the time for her to calve, as is sometimes the case, then perhaps it will not be necessary to milk her till after calving. Keep her dry and sheltered from storms and from excessive cold or heat. See that the water she drinks is pure, and that she has all she wishes to take, at least three times per day, and after calving give it slightly warm for a few days.

As soon as effected, if not in a comfortable stable, put the cow into one, litter the floor well, and always keep this dry and clean. Give her a reader of butter-coloring compounds for this disease is half a pound of Epsom salts dissolved in three or four quarts of warm water, mixed with two table-spoonfuls of sweet spirits of nitre. Wet up a small feed of wheat bran with this. If the cow will not take it so, then put the salt and nitre solution into a strong-necked bottle, tie up her head and pour it down the throat. Repeat this every morning till cured. This simple remedy rarely fails, even in the worst cases, if all the above directions are carefully followed. The bag with the milk, mixed with the last strippings, every time the cow is milked. This renders the bag soft and pliable, and prevents the milk from caking in it.—National Live-Stock Journal, Chicago.

Butter Coloring.

It is a fact not generally known that much—it might be said nearly all—the butter offered for sale in our large cities owes its "rich golden color" to artificial additions. The dairyman, as well as the butter dealer, has found that butter of a good color commands a ready sale than pale butter, and as color is so easily and cheaply procured the temptation to improve (or at least, to equalize) the natural tint of the commodity is not to be resisted. As long as the coloring matters used are harmless there can be no valid objection urged against the practice, and we have no reason to believe that anything really pernicious has thus been introduced into our food—at least of late years.

The coloring matter commonly employed are annatto and tumeric, or extracts of these; but there are also a number of butter-coloring compounds or mixtures sold for this purpose. For some of these it is claimed that they will not only impart the desired color to butter, but will keep it sweet and fresh for an indefinite time. The following are a few of these coloring compounds in use at present. Berick's compound is prepared as follows:

The materials for 1,000 pounds of butter are:

Land, butter, or olive oil..... 6 pounds.
Annatto..... 6 ounces.
Turmeric..... 1 ounce.
Salt..... 10 ounces.
Nitre..... 2 1/2 ounces.
Bromochloralum..... 1 1/2 ounces.
Water..... 6 1/2.

The land, butter, or oil is put into a pan and heated in a water bath. The annatto and turmeric are then stirred into a thin paste with water, and this

is gradually added to the fatty or oily matters kept at a temperature of about 110° Fahr. The salt and nitre are next stirred in, and the mixture heated to boiling. The heating is continued for from twelve to twenty-four hours, or until the color of the mixture becomes dark enough. The bromochloralum is then introduced and the mass is agitated until cool, when it is put up in sealed cans.

Bogart's preparation is prepared as follows:

The materials employed are:

Annattoine..... 5 ounces.
Turmeric (pulverized)..... 6
Saffron..... 1 ounce.
Lard oil..... 1 pint.
Butter..... 5 pounds.

The butter is first melted in a pan over the water bath, and strained through a fine linen cloth. The saffron is made into a half pint tincture, and together with the tumeric and annattoine, is gradually stirred into the hot butter and oil and boiled and stirred for about fifteen minutes. It is then strained through a cloth as before and stirred until cool.

Dake's butter coloring is prepared by beating a quantity of fresh butter for some time with annatto, by which means the coloring matter of the butter is extracted, and straining the colored oil and stirring it until cool.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HORSE RADISH VINEGAR.—Quarter of a pound of scraped horse-radish, one ounce minced chalom, one dram cayenne, one quart vinegar; put all in a bottle, shake well every day for two weeks; when thoroughly steeped, strain and bottle, and it is ready for use. This is made best in September or October, as horse-radish is best then, and is a nice relish for meat.

PEACH PIE.—Peel, stone, and slice the peaches; line a pie-plate with a good crust, and lay on your fruit, sprinkling sugar liberally over them in proportion to their sweetness, very ripe peaches require comparatively little; allow three peaches to be chopped fine, to each pie; pour in a very little water, and bake with an upper crust, with cross bars of paste across the top. Some simply pare the peaches, and put in whole, packing them well, and sweetening freely; in this case they should be covered with crust.

TOMATO CATSUP.—In a porcelain stew-kettle put 12 tomatoes, and cook thoroughly; pass this through a strainer to get rid of skin; only use enough water to cover half of them; return tomatoes to kettle; take a good-sized onion, with three green peppers, chop them fine, and add to the tomatoes; season with three table-spoonfuls of salt, one and one half of sugar, one and one half of ginger, one of mustard, and a whole grated nutmeg, with a blade of mace. Let this all cook for fully two hours, then add a pint of good vinegar and cook an hour longer.

CHICKEN WITH OKRA.—Singe and draw a large, tender chicken, cut in small pieces, put in a sauce-pan with two ounces of butter, two ounces of lean ham and an onion cut in squares; stir on the fire until the moisture is evaporated. Drain the butter off, wet with two quarts of beef broth, add a quart of peeled and seedless tomatoes (cut in pieces), half a green pepper (cut small), four ounces of rice, and about a dozen tender okras (pared at both ends and cut in rounds); season with salt, pepper, nutmeg, a bunch of parsley with aromatics, also a leek and a stalk of celery tied together; set to boil; cover and simmer fifty minutes; skim off the fat, remove the parsley, leek and celery, pour into a soup-tureen and serve.

MANGO CHUTNEY.—(Bengal).—One and a half pounds moist sugar; three-quarters of a pound of salt, one quarter of a pound of garlic, one quarter of a pound of onions, three-quarters of a pound of powdered ginger, one-quarter of a pound of dried chillies, three-quarters of a pound of mustard-seed, three-quarters of a pound of stone raisins, two bottles of vinegar, 30 large unripe sour apples; make sugar in syrup; pound onion, garlic, and ginger in mortar; wash the mustard-seed in cold vinegar and dry in the sun; peel, core, and slice the apples, and boil in one and a half bottles vinegar, when cold put in a large pan and gradually mix rest of ingredients, including the other half-bottle vinegar; it must be well stirred until the whole is thoroughly blended; then bottle and cork well and tie a bit of wet bladder over it. This is delicious, and none bought is so good.

PEACHES A LA CONDE.—Cut in two, blanch in syrup, and peel, eight large peaches; drain them on a hair sieve. Wash a pint of rice, put in a saucepan with three pints of milk; boil, add two ounces of butter, salt, one ounce of sugar, and lemon peel, cover and cook half an hour; remove the peel, add four egg yolks, and mingle well. With part of the rice make a dozen small, peach-shaped croquettes, dip in beaten eggs, roll in fresh crumbs, smooth nicely. Fry light brown, drain on a cloth, and roll in powdered sugar; dress the rest of the rice on a dish, arrange the peaches in a dome-shaped form upon it; ornament with fancifully-cut pieces of candied angelia and citron, Malaga raisins, and almonds; reduce the peach syrup until pretty thick with a glass of Madeira wine and four table-spoonfuls of peach marmalade; pour over the peaches, surround with the croquettes, and serve hot.

MUNDIGOE, No. 2.—Somebody asks me to repeat this here dish as it was printed once—but I don't remember how I put it then. Anyhow, it's made out of what's left over from Sunday, and hence its name, when you eat it on a Monday, and it stuns banyans neither. Say you have a pound or more of cold beef, and the bones; cut the beef in good thick slices and make a gravy with the bones; slice some cold raw

bacon, ever so thin; take an onion, on a lay one, and chop it fine; have some parsley and a little curry powder and a little red pepper and some pounded hard tack; you can have all but the parsley on board ship; make a beginning with the pork at the bottom of the baking tin, and put a sprinkle of onion and curry powder, pepper and bread crumbs in that, then your bits of meat, and lay on your courses, pork and beef, until you get on a level with the pan. Then dust over the top with your biscuit crumbs, and pour your gravy over that, and bake, not too rapid, for a full hour. An old man used to make me put a glass of sherry over it, but an Englishman what I sailed with used to have me pour a tumbler of stout over it just as it went into the oven, and it was good.—Bob, the Sea Cook.

QUICKLY MADE BEEF TEA.—Take any desired quantity of steak from the top part of the round, as this has less fat and more juice than any other part; remove all the fat and divide the meat into small pieces, cutting across the grain; put the meat in a saucepan and allow it to sweat for five minutes over a slow fire, stirring occasionally to prevent sticking. After sweating for five minutes, you will find the meat white in color, and surrounded by a rich, nourishing gravy, which, in case of great exhaustion, may be given in this form. But ordinarily we next pour over the meat a weight in cold water, allowing a pint of water to a pound of beef. Stir until the water boils; it must not boil again, but simmer gently for five or ten minutes until all the sauce is drawn out, then strain carefully into a bowl, and if there is a particle of fat on top, remove it with a piece of lint, occasionally per. By this method you may take off every star of fat without wasting any of the beef tea, as is done when using a ladle or spoon. Salt according to taste, but always lightly.

Wise and Otherwise.

Playmates—Actors.

What kind of a field is older than you are? One that is pasturage. Rowell, the pedestrian, has retired from the track with a fortune of \$50,000.

The hens that produced the most eggs during the month of May were the May-lays.

Dr. Tanner is experimenting upon electricity as an article of food. He won't want to try "a bolt of lightning" more than once.

When steamboat passengers talk too much to the captain he can always find relief by shouting, "Man overboard!"—New York Picayune.

"There's some things as old as the hills anyhow," said old uncle Reuben. "What are they?" asked his niece. "There's the valleys between 'em, child," solemnly answered the old man. "Archimedes, you say, discovered specific gravity on getting into his bath; why had the principle never before occurred to him?" "Probably this was the first time he ever took a bath."

They had been at the masquerade, where she had recognized him at once. "Was it the loud beating of the heart, my darling, that told you you were near?" murmured he. "Oh, no," she replied, "I recognized your crooked legs."

The Late John Brougham was well-known as a wit, and his replies were always on the spur of the moment. At a banquet in New-York he was seated next to Coroner Crocker. A toast was proposed, and Brougham asked the coroner what he should drink it in. "Claret," said the coroner. "Claret!" was the reply; "that's no drink for a coroner. There's no body in that."

Two young men, who move in the very best Austin society, went on a spree not long since. After they were pretty well under way, one of them said in an inebriated tone of voice, "Let's bid each other good-night, Bill!" "Why, you ain't going home already? It's right in the shank of the evening." "Of course I'm not going home now, but after awhile we won't know each other from a side of sole leather, so let's say 'good-night' right now, before it is too late." They embraced.—Texas Siftings.

The deplorable ignorance of foreigners was conspicuously displayed the other day in a certain English village. The keeper of the principal shop had aspirations for his daughter, and sent her to several boarding and finishing schools, till she was in her fond father's eyes, brimful of knowledge of the most unimpeachable character. He believed her to be possessed of unlimited wisdom, and proudly told a friend how she played, sang, danced, and what a number of languages she spoke. "But how ignorant these foreigners are!" he observed. "Why, there was a Frenchman down here last week, and my gal was talking to him for an hour or more, and I tell you half the time he couldn't make out what she was saying. The man didn't know his own language!"

An Englishman who landed at Dublin a few months ago was filled with apprehension that the life of any loyal subject of her Majesty was not worth a farthing there and thereabouts. The Land Leaguers, he imagined, were all bloodthirsty assassins, and all that sort of thing. But it was his duty to travel in the land—a duty he approached with fear and trembling. Now, there happened to be on his route a number of towns, the names of which he was saying with the suggestive syllable "Kill." There were Kilmartin, and so on. In his ignorance of geographical nomenclature, his affrighted senses were startled anew on hearing a fellow-passenger in the railway carriage remark to another as follows: "I'm just after bein' over to Kilpatrick." "And I," replied the other, "am after bein' over to Kilmarry." "What murderers they are!" thought the Englishman. "And to think that they talk of their assassination so publicly!" But the conversation went on. "And there are ye goin' now?" asked assassin No. 1. "I'm goin' home, and then to Kilmore," was No. 2's reply. The Englishman's blood curdled. "Kilmore, is it?" added No. 1. "You'd better be comin' along wid me to Kilmaule!" The Englishman left the train at the next station.

The wrong men always get rich. It is the fellow who has no money who is always telling you how much good he would do with it if he had it.